Desd. Heauen keepe that monster from *Othello's* mind.
Emi. Lady, Amen.
Des. I will goe seeke him, *Cassio*, walke here about,
If I doe finde him fit, I'le moue your suite, *Exeunt* Desd.
And seeke to effect it to my vttermost. *and* Emillia.
Cas. I humbly thanke your Ladiship.
Bian. Saue you friend *Cassio*. *Enter* Bianca.
Cas. What make you from home?
How is it with you my most faire *Bianca*?
Ifaith sweete loue I was comming to your house.
Bian. And I was going to your Lodging *Cassio*;
What, keepe a weeke away? seuen daies and nights,
Eightscore eight houres, and louers absent houres,
More tedious then the diall, eightscore times,
No weary reckoning.
Cas. Pardon me *Bianca*,
I haue this while with laden thoughts bin prest,
But I shall in a more conuenient time,
Strike off this score of absence: sweete *Bianca*,
Take me this worke out.
Bian. Oh *Cassio*, whence came this?
This is some token from a newer friend,
To the felt absence, now I feele a cause,
Is come to this?
Cas. Go to woman,
Throw your vile ghesses in the diuells teeth,
From whence you haue them, you are iealous now,
That this is from some mistriffe, some remembrance:
No by my faith *Bianca*,
Bian. Why who's is it?
Cas. I know not sweete, I found it in my chamber,
I like the worke well, ere it be demanded,
As like enough it will, I'de haue it coppied,
Take it, and do't, and leaue me for this time.
Bian. Leaue you, wherefore?
Cas. I doe attend here on the Generall,
And thinke it no addition, nor my wish,

Te

To haue him see me woman'd.
Bian. But that you doe not loue m
I pray you bring me on the way a litt
And say, if I shall see you soone at nig
Cas. Tis but a little way, that I ca
For I attend here, but I'le see you soo
Bian. Tis very good, I must be cir

Actus. 4

Enter Iago *and* Oth

Iag. Will you thinke so?
Oth. Thinke so *Iago*.
Iag. What, to kisse in priuate?
Oth. An vnauthoriz'd kisse.
Iag. Or to be naked with her frie
An houre, or more, not meaning any
Oth. Naked abed *Iago*, and not m
It is hypocrisie against the diuell:
They that meane vertuously, and yet
The diuell their vertue tempts, and th
Iag. So they doe nothing, tis a ver
But if I giue my wife a handkercher,
Oth. What then?
Iag. Why then tis hers my Lord
She may, I thinke, bestow't on any n
Oth. She is protectres of her hon
May she giue that?
Iag. Her honour is an effence th
They haue it very oft, that haue it no
But for the handkercher.
Oth. By heauen, I would most gl
Thou saidst (O it comes o're my me
As doth the Rauen o're the infected

I

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Othello* (STC 22305) LONDON, 1622 THE BRITISH LIBRARY (C.34.k.32)